

In th' midd' of a th' body, idle and vnaſtiue,  
Still cabbording the Viand, neuer bearing  
Like labour with the reſt, where th' other Inſtruments  
Did ſee, and heare, deuile, inſtruct, walke, feele,  
And mutually participate, did miniſter  
Vnto the appetite; and affection common  
Of the whole body, the Belly anſwer'd.

2. *Cit.* Well ſir, what anſwer made the Belly.  
*Men.* Sir, I ſhall tell you with a kinde of Smile,  
Which ne're came from the Lungs, but euen thus:  
For looke you I may make the belly Smile,  
As well as ſpeake, it taintringly replyed  
To th' diſcontented Members, the mutinous parts  
That enuied his receite: euen ſo moſt fitly,  
As you maligne our Senators, for that  
They are not ſuch as you.

2. *Cit.* Your Bellies anſwer: What  
The Kingly crown'd head, the vigilant eye,  
The Counſailor Heart, the Arme our Souldier,  
Our Steed the Legge, the Tongue our Trumpeter,  
With other Muniments and petty helps  
In this our Fabricke, if that they

*Men.* What then? Forceme, this Fellow ſpeakes.  
What then? What then?

2. *Cit.* Should by the Cormorant belly be reſtrain'd,  
Who is the ſinke a th' body.

*Men.* Well, what then?

2. *Cit.* The former Agents, if they did complaine,  
What could the Belly anſwer?

*Men.* I will tell you,  
If you'll beſtow a ſmall (of what you haue little)  
Patience awhile; you ſhall heare the Bellies anſwer.

2. *Cit.* Y' are long about it.

*Men.* Note me this good Friend;  
Your moſt graue Belly was deliberate,  
Not raſh like his Accuſers, and thus anſwered.  
True is it my Incorporate Friends (quoth he)  
That I receiue the generall Food at firſt  
Which you do liue vpon: and ſit it is,  
Beauſe I am the Store-houſe, and the Shop  
Of the whole Body. But, if you do remember,  
I ſend it through the Riuer of your blood  
Euen to the Court, the Heart, to th' ſeate o'th' Braine,  
And through the Crankes and Offices of man,  
The ſtrongest Nerues, and ſmall inferiour Veines  
From me receiue that naturall competencie  
Whereby they liue. And though that all at once  
(You my good Friends, this ſayes the Belly) marke me.

2. *Cit.* I ſir, well, well.

*Men.* Though all at once, cannot  
See what I do deliuer out to each,  
Yet I can make my Awdit vp, that all  
From me do backe receiue the Flowre of all,  
And leaue me but the Bran. What ſay you too't?

2. *Cit.* It was an anſwer, how apply you this?

*Men.* The Senators of Rome, are this good Belly,  
And you the mutinous Members: For examine  
Their Counſailes, and their Care; diſgeſt things rightly,  
Touching the Weale a'th Common, you ſhall finde  
No publique benefit which you receiue  
But it proceeds, or comes from them to you,  
And no way from your ſelues. What do you thinke?  
You, the great Toe of this Aſſembly?

2. *Cit.* I the great Toe? Why the great Toe?  
*Men.* For that being one o'th' loweſt, baſeſt, pooreſt  
Of this moſt wiſe Rebellion, thou goeſt formeſt:

Thou Raſcall, that art worſt in blood to run,  
Lead'ſt firſt to win ſome vantage.  
But make you ready your ſtiſſe bats and clubs,  
Rome, and her Rats, are at the point of battell,  
The one ſide muſt haue baile.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hayle, Noble Martius.

*Mar.* Thanks. What's the matter you diſſentious rogues  
That rubbing the poore Itch of your Opinion,  
Make your ſelues Scabs.

2. *Cit.* We haue euer your good word,  
*Mar.* He that will giue good words to thee, will flatter  
Beneath abhorring. What would you haue, you Curres,  
That like nor Peace, nor Warre? The one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that truſts to you,  
Where he ſhould finde you Lyons, findes you Hares:  
Where Foxes, Geefe you are: No furer, no,  
Then is the coale of fire vpon the Ice,  
Or Hailſtone in the Sun. Your Vertue is,  
To make him worthy, whoſe offence ſubdues him,  
And curſe that Iuſtice did it. Who deſerues Greatnes,  
Deſerues your Hate: and your Affections are  
A ſickmaſ Appetite; who deſires moſt that  
Which would increaſe his euill. He that depends  
Vpon your fauours, ſwimmes with finnes of Leade,  
And hewes downe Oakes, with ruſhes. Hang ye truſt ye?  
With euery Minute you do change a Minde,  
And call him Noble, that was now your Hate:  
Him vilde, that was your Garland. What's the matter,  
That in theſe ſeueral places of the Citie,  
You cry againſt the Noble Senate, who  
(Vnder the Gods) keepe you in awe, which elſe  
Would feede on one another? What's their ſeeking?

*Men.* For Corne at their owne rates, whereof they ſay  
The Citie is well for'd.

*Mar.* Hang 'em: They ſay?  
They ſit by th' fire, and preſume to know  
What's done i'th Capitoll: Who's like to riſe,  
Who thriues, & who declines: Side factions, & giue out  
Coniecturall Marriages, making parties ſtrong,  
And feebling ſuch as ſtand not in their liking,  
Below their cobled Shoos. They ſay ther's grain enough  
Would the Nobility lay aſide their ruth,  
And let me uſe my Sword, I'de make a Quarrie  
With thouſands of theſe quarter'd ſlaues, as high  
As I could picke my Lance.

*Men.* Nay theſe are almoſt thoroughly perſwaded:  
For though abundantly they lacke diſcretion  
Yet are they paſſing Cowardly. But I beſeech you,  
What ſayes the other Troope?

*Mar.* They are diſſolu'd: Hang 'em;  
They ſaid they were an hungry, ſigh'd forth Prouerbes  
That Hunger-broke ſtone wals: that dogges muſt eate  
That meate was made for mouths. That the gods ſent not  
Corne for the Richmen onely: With theſe ſhreds  
They vented their Complaining, which being anſwer'd  
And a petition granted them, a ſtrange one,  
To breake the heart of generoſity,  
And make bold power looke pale, they threw their caps  
As they would hang them on the hornes a'th Moone,  
Shooting their Emulation.

*Men.* What is granted them?

*Mar.* Five Tribunes to defend their vulgar wiſdoms  
Of their owne choice. One's Innus Brutus,  
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not. Sdeath,

The rabble ſhould haue firſt vnroo't the City  
Ere ſo preuayl'd with me; it will in time  
Win vpon power, and throw forth greater Theames  
For Inſurrections arguing.

*Men.* This is ſtrange.

*Mar.* Go get you home you Fragments.

Enter a Meſſenger haſtily.

*Meſſ.* Where's Caius Martius?

*Mar.* Heere: what's the matter?

*Meſſ.* The newes is ſir, the Volcies are in Armes.

*Mar.* I am glad on't, then we ſhall haue meanes to vent  
Our muſtie ſuperfluity. See our beſt Elders.

Enter Sicinius Velutus, Annulus Brutus Cominius, Titus  
Lartius, with other Senators.

1. *Sen.* Martius 'tis true, that you haue lately told vs,  
The Volces are in Armes.

*Mar.* They haue a Leader,

Tullus Aufidius that will put you too't:

I ſonne in enuying his Nobility:

And were I any thing but what I am,

I would wiſh me onely he.

*Com.* You haue fought together?

*Mar.* Were halfe to halfe the world by th' eares, & he

vpon my partie, I'de reuolt to make

Onely my warres with him. He is a Lion

That I am proud to hunt.

1. *Sen.* Then worthy Martius,

Attend vpon Cominius to theſe Warres.

*Com.* It is your former promiſe.

*Mar.* Sir it is,

And I am conſtant: Titus Lucius, thou

Shalt ſee me once more ſtrike at Tullus face.

What art thou ſiſſe? Stand'ſt out?

*Tit.* No Caius Martius,

I leane vpon one Crutch, and fight with tother,

Ere ſtay behinde this Buſineſſe.

*Men.* Oh true-bred.

*Sen.* Your Company to th' Capitoll, where I know

Our greateſt Friends attend vs.

*Tit.* Lead you on: Follow Cominius, we muſt followe

you, right worthy you Priority.

*Com.* Noble Martius,

*Sen.* Hence to your homes, be gone.

*Mar.* Nay let them follow,

The Volces haue much Corne: take theſe Rats thither,

To gnaw their Gainers. Worſhipfull Mutiners,

Your valour puts well forth: Pray follow. *Exeunt.*

Citizens ſeale away. *Manet Sicin. & Brutus.*

*Sicin.* Was euer man ſo proud as is this Martius?

*Brut.* He has no equall.

*Sicin.* When we were choſen Tribunes for the people.

*Brut.* Mark'd you his lip and eyes.

*Sicin.* Nay, but his taunts.

*Brut.* Being mou'd, he will not ſpare to gird the Gods.

*Sicin.* Bemocke the modeſt Moone.

*Brut.* The preſent Warres deuoure him, he is growne

Too proud to be ſo valiant.

*Sicin.* Such a Nature, tickled with good ſucceſſe, diſ-

daines the ſhadow which he treads on at noone, but I do

wonder, his inſolence can brooke to be commanded vnder

Cominius?

*Brut.* Fame, at the which he aymes,

In whom already he's well grac'd, cannot

Better be held, nor more attain'd then by

A place below the firſt: for what miſcarries  
Shall be the Generals fault, though he performe  
To th' vmoſt of a man, and giddy cenſure  
Will then cry out of Martius: Oh, if he  
Had borne the buſineſſe.

*Sicin.* Beſides, if things go well,

Opinion that ſo ſtickes on Martius, ſhall

Of his demerits rob Cominius.

*Brut.* Come; halfe all Cominius Honors are to Martius

Though Martius earn'd them not: and all his faults

To Martius ſhall be Honors, though indeed

In ought he merit not.

*Sicin.* Let's hence, and heare

How the diſpatch is made, and in what faſhion

More then his ſingularity, he goes

Vpon this preſent Action.

*Brut.* Let's along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1. *Sen.* So, your opinion is Aufidius,

That they of Rome are entred in our Counſailes,

And know how we proceede.

*Auf.* Is it not yours?

What euer haue bin thought one in this State

That could be brought to bodily act, ere Rome

Had circumuention: 'tis not foure dayes gone

Since I heard thence, theſe are the words, I thinke

I haue the Letter heere: ycs, heere it is;

They haue preſt a Power, but it is not knowne

Whether for Eaſt or Weſt: the Dearth is great,

The people Mutinous: And it is rumour'd,

Cominius, Martius, your old Enemy

(Who is of Rome worſe hated then of you)

And Titus Lartius, a moſt valiant Roman,

Theſe three leade on this Preparation

Whether 'tis bent: moſt likely, 'tis for you:

Conſider of it.

1. *Sen.* Our Armie's in the Field:

We neuer yet made doubt but Rome was ready

To anſwer vs.

*Auf.* Nor did you thinke it folly,

To keepe your great pretences vayl'd, till when

They needs muſt ſhew themſelues, which in the hatching

It ſeem'd appear'd to Rome. By the diſcovery,

We ſhalbe ſhortned in our ayme, which was

To take in many Townes, ere (almoſt) Rome

Should know we were a-foot.

2. *Sen.* Noble Aufidius,

Take your Commiſſion, hyc you to your Bands,

Let vs alone to guard Corioles

If they ſet downe before's: for the remove

Bring vp your Army: but (I thinke) you ſhall finde

Th' haue not prepar'd for vs.

*Auf.* O doubt not that,

I ſpeake from Certainties. Nay more,

Some parcels of their Power are forth already;

And onely hitherward. I leaue your Honors.

If we, and Caius Martius chance to meete,

'Tis ſworne betwene vs, we ſhall euer ſtrike

Till one can do no more.

*All.* The Gods aſſiſt you.

*Auf.* And keepe your Honors ſafe.

1. *Sen.* Farewell.

2. *Sen.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell. *Exeunt omnes.*